SEVILLE, THE MOORISH CAPITAL ON THE GUADALQUIVIR

The Gayest and Sunniest City of Spain, and the Mos Interesting in History, Art and Architecture—"Pedro The Cruel," His Gorgeous Palace and Murderous Pastimes.

Special Correspondence.

Seville, Spain, Jan. 21, 1900.

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
Noha visto maravella,"

meaning that he who has not seen Seville has missed seeing a wonder—is a proverb which its citizens delight in. The same might be truthfully said of other Spanish cities; but this Andalusian capital differs from the rest, with a warmth and gaiety of life peculiarly its own, and abounding reminiscences of the noble and cultured Moors, whose palaces and villas were unlike those in any other part of the world. Through five hundred years it was their sacred city, in which they gathered all that wealth could buy or fashion design, or bravery win. Its splendid mosques were crowded with worshippers of the prophet, when from the lofty Geraldi the muezzen called the faithful prayer; its schools were thronged with eager students in science and the arts; and in its glorious Alcazar—(Al-Kasr, "house of Carsar"), year 1248), the rest were demolished. In this dry climate, the passing centuries have made little impression on the old Moorish houses, which are still the best in Seville. The Moors, by the way, discarding the Roman name, undertook to resume its remote Chaldean title, Sephelia, but in their

HARSHER TONGUE

rendered it Sibidia; which has been corrupted to the present name, pronounced by the Spaniards Sah-veel-yah. Fully half the city preserves its ancient character, but—sad to say—changes are taking place every year. The narrow, winding, hap-hazard streets, completely overshadowed by spacious mansions with ample courts and gardens, so admirably suited to the summer climate of this, "Oven of Spain," as the section is called, are slowly, but alas! too surely giving way to wide, unpicturesque avenues, with alleged "improvements" in their small, hot, common-place houses, open to the noonday blaze. In the Moorish quarters, where the forethought of the builders made the streets so narrow that two carriages could not possibly pass one another, barriers are placed at each end, to prevent wheeled vehicles from attempting to enter. In some of them an ordinary umbrella, when raised, will barely clear the walls in turning their zig-zag corners, and donkeys filing through the solemn procession jostle pedestrians with their bulging panniers. The names of the streets are in themselves an

INTERESTING STUDY,

having reference to some celebrated personage who once lived in them, or an historical event that transpired in the neighborhood. The word Calle (street) never appears, but merely the name, as "Murillo," "Juan de Mina," "Abul-Kasim," "Auto-de-Fe," etc. As in oriental communities, the different sects are separated; the Jews being restricted to one quarter, the Moors to another, the gypsies to a third. The wide, spacious mansions, with their cool courts and gardens, and walls, almost meeting overhead in the winding alleys, are as charming as unique, and prove the wisdom of the shade-loving Moors. They are generally ornamented with Moorish tilings, called azuellos, and have an entrance arch, called El Zaguan, (Arabic, Sahan), which leads to the chancel, or great gate of open-worked iron, behind which the family life goes on, securely locked from the public gaze. The interior walls always enclose patios, or open courts, surrounded on all sides by wide corridors supported by pillars—marble in the better houses, tapia (mud and lime) in the poorer. In the summer, the court is covered by an awning, (toldo), and then becomes the drawing-room of the inmates, where they sit all day long, dine, and receive their guests in coolness and comfort. Here tertulias are given, the pleasant, informal receptions which are about the only evening parties ever given in Seville. These patios show very clearly the individual tastes of their owners. Each has a central fountain, or a very old, moss-grown well, with olives, banana, pomegranates and other trees growing around it; some are brilliant with flowers, others enriched with statuary, and others have ancient cypress trees cut into

FANTASTIC FORMS

of temples and pagodas. The zaguan, or short hall, which leads from the street to the patio, is the place where the young ladies of the family receive their calls—the ladies on the inside of the high, carefully locked gates, the gentlemen on the outside. If the accepted lover were to be admitted to the parlor, or even to the patio, in the presence of his dulcinea's father and mother, it would be considered cause for scandal; so he patiently hangs upon the grating, night after night, however long the years between betrothal and the marriage, earning for himself the title, "comer hierro"—one who lives on iron. No chairs are allowed in the zanguan, for if the lover were made too comfortable, he might never go away. It is not uncommon to see engaged couples standing close together on opposite sides of the gate, past midnight, perhaps with the rain blowing in on them, oblivious of all sublunary things. Like other Spanish cities the windows of Seville are faced with iron gratings, and these, too, are rendezvous for lovers. Every evening you may see hundreds of Romeos and Juliets, making love through the window-bars, each slim gallant wrapped in a long, black Spanish cloak, the girls in their best attire, with smiling, powdered faces and roses in their hair. Frequently Romeo brings his guitar, and his wooing is no whispered confidence, but a love-lorn serenade which everybody may hear. It is the fashion approved of parents and guardians since time out of mind, and for the lover to neglect it would be to forever forfeit his sweetheart's favor. The young lady who can boast the most "iron-eaters" is the belle of the locality; but fatal frays sometimes occur as the result of her coquetry, when the arriving Romeo finds his place pre-empted by another. You hear blood-curdling tales of the swift, murderous use of the long Albucete knives, which everybody carries, when wielded by jealousy. "Don Pedro the Cruel" set the example in Seville, and his ardent countrymen have not been slow to follow it. The poorest servant

WEARS A KNIFE

in his sash, and many a gentle dame secretes a dagger in her stocking, or as a hair-pin in her shining tresses—and knows well how to use it when her temper is aroused. The true Albucete knife is about eighteen inches long, with a broad blade and a powerful spring-clasp. It is held open by a curious little wheel between the blade and handle, and in native hands is used with equal dexterity to slice a melon, or sharpen a pencil or sever a jugular vein. The handle is of tortoise, or ivory, often richly carved and inlaid with jewels, with a crucifix, or an image of the Virgin, or the Savior upon it; but the Christian emblem does not prevent it from being bathed in human blood.

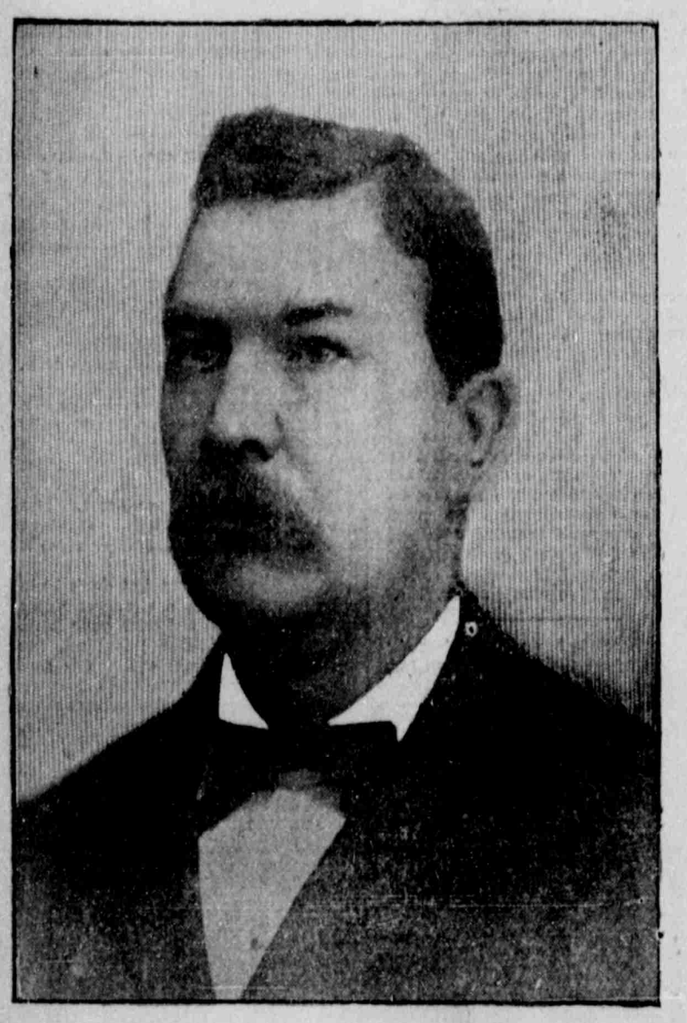
Speaking of Don Pedro, nicknamed "The Cruel," his influence seems to pervade Seville, much as that of Philip II does the Escorial. When he was a small child, his mother fled with him to its Alcazar, the most beautiful Moorish building in Spain, which was his favorite palace when he came to be king and the scene of his wickedest deeds. Here he lived with the beautiful Castilian girl, Maria de Padella, while his lawful queen, the poor French princess, Blanche de Bourbon, after being persecuted and imprisoned for years, was finally put to death at Urdina-Sidonia. In this Alcazar, Pedro received the Red King of Grenada, with a promise of safe conduct, and then murdered him for his jewels, one of which, "the fair ruby, great like a racket ball," today adorns the crown of England. Here, too, he had his brother, Don Fradrique, assassinated, after inviting him to be his guest during a tournament. Maria de Padilla knew his coming fate, but did not dare to tell him, though from the beautiful ajimez window over the gate she watched for his arrival and tried to warn him by her tears. Six years later this murder was avenged by Henry of Trastamare, who

STABBED PEDRO

to the heart; but Maria was already dead, and buried with the queens in the royal chapel; for after her death Pedro acknowledged her as his morganatic wife and the so-called "marriage" received the sanction of the Spanish church. On an upper floor of the Alcazar is Don Pedro's bed chamber, and outside the door still hang a row of grinning skulls—the heads of people who incurred his displeasure. It was a favorite little joke of his that he had his enemies placed where he could watch them. Another pastime of this strange monarch was to go out, cloaked and disguised, at night, to serenade his various lovers beneath the window bars, after the fashion of Seville; and woe betide the previous lover of any maid who struck his fancy. He is said to have stabbed to the heart a score of rivals. Don Pedro and his victims have long been dust, but the lovely gardens of the Alcazar, which he caused to be planted, still keep his unlovely memory green, as well as the grinning skulls and gruesome traditions. All along its paths are magical fountains, planned by him, which when a key is turned, suddenly spring up and shower the walks and blossoms and make fairy rainbows in the sunshine. You may pick oranges today from the trees that Pedro planted and flowers that are far-off descendants of the same that the cruel king used to gather for his beautiful Maria—and which sometimes he sent in mockery to Torre del Oro—the Golden Tower where his cast-off sweethearts were imprisoned.

FANNIE B. WARD.

CHIEF JUSTICE HAZELRIGG



He administered the oath of office to Governor Taylor. Twice he was called upon to do the same for Goebel and then to Beckham.

were gathered the statesmen, warriors and courtiers of a great and powerful people. All this began in the eighth century, and ended more than two hundred years before the Western world was discovered; but many of

THE MOORISH PALACES

are still intact and the glories of that long-past period have left an indelible impression upon the whole region of the Guadalquivir.

Long, long before the day of the Moors Seville was old and gray, its foundations having been laid in the morning twilight of history by Hercules himself. If anybody doubts the tradition, he may be reassured by reading a quaint inscription carved above one of the city gates, which asserts that Hercules was the founder, and that Julius Caesar captured it from the Carthagenians more than half a century before Christ was born. We know that much of the wealth for which Tyre and Sidon were renowned, was derived from the region of the Baetica—the Guadalquivir of today—a land of promise, especially protected by the gods and coveted by men. Its marvels figured prominently in classic mythology, as related by Homer, Herodotus, Cicero and others. It was on the island of Juno, you remember, near the river's mouth, sixty miles or so below this point, where Geryon pastured his flocks. The chief city of Beatica, which the Carthagenians called Sephelia, and the Romans Hispalis, became a rich and powerful capital under Julius Caesar, who changed its name to Julia Romula, in greatful recognition of its aid during his wars with Pompey. It was the seat of the proconsul and the favorite residence of the provincial nobility. Three Roman emperors were born here—Trojan, Adrian and Theodosius. At the foot of the olive-covered hills, five miles away, Scipio built a splendid pleasure resort, with a spacious amphitheater and many sumptuous residences. Like other

ROMAN CITIES

in Spain, the ruins of these have served as a quarry for generations of subsequent builders. Scipio's amphitheater may yet be clearly traced, though its walls and those of adjacent palaces went to make modern break-water in the Guadalquivir, to furnish building-material for neighboring convents, and even to pave the streets of Seville. Many of the busts and statues of Caesar's time now grace the Spanish museums and the palaces of grandees, and the very pavements you walk upon today may have been trodden by "the noblest Roman of them all" in the ancient city. A portion of the double stone walls which Julius Caesar built around his capital are yet standing. Defended by barbicans and flanking towers, they look as formidable as when they repelled the attacks of barbarians, though scarred by the storms and wars of twenty centuries.

Most of the walls, however, that today surround Seville, are of Moslem building, their six or eight miles in circuit pierced by fifteen enormous gateways, and surrounded by sixty-six watch-towers. In the days of the caliphs there were 166 of these quaint towers; but when "the Holy King Saint Ferdinand" drove out the infidel (in the

EMPRESS EUGENIE'S LIFE EBBING AWAY.

Physicians who are attending the ex-Empress of the French at the Hotel Continental, Paris, fear she cannot recover. The photograph we present is her favorite picture, taken at the height of her beauty. Her career has been one of the most romantic and pathetic of any of the royal women of Europe.

AN EXQUISITE SPRING HAT

IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

(Continued from page fourteen.)

for its mask ball to be given on March 16th. The affairs gotten up by the association here so far have been great successes, and there is reason to believe that the coming event will eclipse all former efforts.

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Mrs. A. E. Hutchinson will entertain at cards next Tuesday.

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Mrs. Bransford and Miss Bransford entertained at cards on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

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Next Tuesday evening the students of the Salt Lake Business college give a dancing party at Christensen's in honor of the president and faculty.

CLUB CHAT.

The Author's club chose Bryant for their study at the meeting on Wednesday. A number of the best poems of the poet were read and discussed.

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The Reaper's club has chosen Mrs. Minnie James as its representative on the committee which Utah club women have appointed to inquire into local industrial conditions. A report of these conditions will be made at the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's clubs at Milwaukee.

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The program at the meeting of the Woman's club on Tuesday was "The Trades Union, Its History and Meaning," by Mrs. Bradley.

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At the Cleofan on Tuesday Buddhist Architecture was discussed by Mrs. Margaret M. Griffen, and Mrs. Julia C. Taylor gave current events.

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The year book of the Federation of Women's clubs for 1900 has just been issued, and is a model in neatness and artistic design. The covers are in green and gold, and the fastenings are red, making a pretty and striking combination.

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"Sanitary Reform" will be the subject discussed at the next meeting of the Reviewer's club. Mrs. Lee has charge of the subject.

Many years ago interest in Miss Susan B. Anthony exceeded the bounds of any special organization. Proof of this was never more apparent than at the celebration of her birthday in Washington last week. It was not so much Miss Anthony, temperance advocate and central figure in the equal suffrage movement, as Miss Anthony, woman with sterling traits of character and dauntless energy, to whom honor was paid upon that memorable day.

Younger women have outlived their friends and counted themselves aged long before her time of life. The unusual span of three quarters of a century and five years finds Miss Anthony without a thought of superannuation. True she has resigned the presidency of a cause to which she has devoted the last fifty years, but she says: "Not to go out of the work—only to find leisure for a plan that has long been under consideration." Near friends say this is to materialize in the form of a book in which the true story of proposed woman suffrage shall be written.

Miss Anthony has enjoyed the friendship of celebrated Americans of two generations and is now admired by the younger contingent of a growing third. Naturally the closest friendships were with those interested in questions dearest to Miss Anthony's heart. To go back to her early acquaintances is almost like a roll call of the more or less illustrious dead of past decades.

She counseled with Thaddeus Stevens and Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone in her younger days. She chatted with Amelia Bloomer about reform dress and went to dinner parties where "those present" included Richard H. Dana, William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, the Cary sisters, Lydia Maria Child, Maria Mitchell and Grace Greenwood. Then a little later came the acquaintance of Henry Ward Beecher, Anna Dickinson, Robert Dale Owen, Gail Hamilton, Victoria Woodhull—after all, only a few of many brilliant intellects—some with erratic traits, perhaps, but even those the sparks of unusual genius.

Of the "older set" there remain Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe and Jennie June Croly—the last only lately in her seventies.

To Miss Anthony the woman of 50 years is "one of the girls," and a host of these girls in return have for a long time called Miss Anthony "Aunt Susan" of late.

This term of endearment has gradually changed into the more reverential one of "Saint Susan," which is appropriate for the gentle, kindly spirit that bears the name.

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Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the newly elected president of the Equal Suffrage association, goes into office with a practical understanding of the duties that await her. As national organizer she knows the strength and the weakness of the society in every locality in the United States. She is said to be neither arbitrary nor aggressive and argumentative only "for the good of the cause." It is worthy of record that there has never been an undignified scramble for office in suffrage conventions. Every successive president has been cordially welcomed and unanimously indorsed. The association has really missed the excitement and incidental advertisement that follows factional fights.

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The suffragists and the band of "remonstrants" have packed their trunks and gone to their respective homes, but Washington had another woman's convention this week. The Daughters of the American Revolution held the most remarkable congress in their annals on Washington's birthday. There was a general unfurling of American flags, large and small and of every texture from finest silk to everyday bunting. Chapters reported as to their local work and all the Daughters joined hands in an effort to raise funds for the proposed woman's capitol.